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MR. PEPYS THE MUSICIAN.¹

BY FRANCIS HUEFFER.

(Continued from page 72.)

V.

The list of contemporary composers mentioned in the Diary is headed by two of the most famous names in the history of English music, — Lock and Purcell. In one of the earliest entries (February 21, 1660), before even the king had returned, one reads: "Here I met with Mr. Lock and Pursell, Masters of Musique, and with them to the Coffee House, into a room next the water by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two, till Captain Taylor came and told us that the House had voted the gates of the City to be made up again, and the members of the City that are in prison to be set at liberty; and that Sir J. Booth's case be brought into the House to-morrow. Then we had variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made, on these words, 'Domine salvum fac Regem,' an admirable thing. Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to another with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere." The passage well illustrates the excited feeling of the time immediately preceding the Restoration. England, although nominally still a commonwealth, was expecting the re-entry of the Stuarts, and Mr. Lock and other musicians were preparing hymns of triumph for the event. The connection between the divine art and the politics of the day was, however, not to be more fruitful of permanent results than it has been in other cases since. The history of the French Revolution, for example, may be followed step by step in the works of Cherubini, Méhul, and other contemporary composers, who sometimes had difficulty in keeping pace with the rapid changes of government. The same Grétry, whose "Richard, oh, mon roi, si l'univers t'abandonne" became the watchword of the Royalists, composed "Dénys le Tyran" and "La Fête de la Raison" to suit Republican tastes, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor by Napoleon, and would, no doubt, have celebrated the restoration of the Bourbons had he lived a few months longer. And yet the most important, and, with the exception of Méhul's "Chant du Départ," perhaps, only permanent addition to the national music of France was due to the amateur who

wrote or, it may be "adapted" the tune of the Marseillaise to his great hymn of liberty. Again, during the late Franco-German war, the far-famed composers of the most musical people in the world were unable to supply their armies with a better war-song than the trivial and hackneyed "Wacht am Rhein," written many years before. Musicians ought to profit by the lesson, and keep aloof from the turmoil and strife of politics. The songs wanted by the people have been, with few exceptions, supplied by the people. But this by the way.

To return to the Coffee House in the City, the first of the two English masters mentioned by Pepys is, of course, the famous Mathew Lock, of whom it may be superfluous in this place to say more than that he was rewarded for his loyal effusions — including some music "for ye King's sagbutts and cornets," played during Charles's progress to Whitehall — by being made Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty. He appears frequently in the Diary, and seems to have been well-versed in the affairs of State. It is, for example, from him that Mr. Pepys receives the first information of the substance of the letter "that went from Monk to the Parliament," in February, 1660, "denouncing Lambert and Vane, and many members now in the house, that were of the late tyrannical Committee of Safety."

The Purcell who made up the musical trio at the Coffee House is, in the notes of Lord Braybrooke's edition, associated with Lock as "both celebrated composers;" the obvious inference being that Henry Purcell the younger, in fact *the* Purcell, is intended; and one is sorry to see that the Rev. Mynors Bright mechanically reprints the implied misunderstanding. For it need scarcely be added that the great English master was in 1660 two years of age, and that the "Pursell" of the Diary is obviously his father, who, although a clever musician, and subsequently one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, can scarcely be called a "celebrated composer." The real Purcell, Pepys does not seem to have known; he is at least not mentioned in the Diary. This is the more strange, as Pepys was intimately acquainted with both Captain Cocke and Pelham Humfrey, the successive masters of Purcell. The Captain is continually turning up in the Diary, and Humfrey is the subject of several more or less complimentary passages which all belong to the year 1667, and may be cited in their chronological order. It should be remembered that Humfrey, who seems to have been a particular favorite of Charles II, had been sent by him on an artistic tour to France and Italy, for which purpose he drew from the Secret Service fund sums to the amount of £450. He stayed abroad for three years, living mostly in Paris, where he studied under Lully. He had just returned home when he was introduced to Mr. Pepys, and disgusted that gentleman by his foreign ways and vanities. As Humfrey was at the time twenty years old, the epithet "little fellow" applied to him must refer to his stature.

"To Chapel," Mr. Pepys writes, November 1, 1667, "it being All-Hallows day, and

heard a fine anthem made by Pelham, who is come over" (*i. e.* from Paris; he had returned in the previous October).

A fortnight afterwards we find that Mr. Pepys, the patron of art and artists, has asked the young musician to a dinner-party, at which the reader, if he likes, may be present.

"November 15, 1667. — Home, and then find, as I expected, Mr. Caesar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, at Blagrave and others, that they cannot keep time nor tune nor understand anything; and that Grebus, the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose; and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the king are mighty great! I had a good dinner for them, as a venison pasty and some fowl; and after dinner we did play, he on the theorbo, Mr. Caesar on his French lute, and I on the viol, and I see that this Frenchman do so much wonders on the theorbo, that without question he is a good musician, but his vanity do offend me."

Whether Humfrey succeeded in lifting Grebus out of his place, is more than the present writer has thought it necessary to find out. Certain it is that the pushing young man made his way in the world. From a gentleman in the Chapel Royal he rose to the post of Master of the Children, succeeding his master, Captain Cocke, who, according to one account, "died of discontent at his pupil's excelling him."

The day after the dinner Mr. Pepys goes "to White Hall, where there is to be a performance of musick of Pelham's before the King. The company not come; but I did go into the musick-room where Captain Cocke and many others, and here did I hear the best and the smallest organ that ever I saw in my life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have next year if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me." Being tired of waiting, Mr. Pepys takes a walk with his old friend Mr. Gregory; from whom, *more suo*, he gathers all manner of information and court scandal. After an hour he returns just in time to see and draw a picture for us of Humfrey conducting his own music before the court: "Got into the theatre-room and there heard both the vocall and instrumentall musick, where the little fellow stood keeping time; but for my part, I see no great matter in both sorts of music."

The honored name of Gibbons does not gain in the Diary the prominence one might expect to see it assigned there. Orlando had passed away long before Pepys began to write, but his son, Dr. Christopher, seems to have been well known to the diarist. In the early part of the work he is once or twice briefly referred to amongst the friends of Lord Sandwich as "Mr. Gibbons." Later on his degree obtained in 1664 is duly given him.

¹ From the London Musical Times.

We have previously met him where Mr. Pepys inspects an organ at Westminster Abbey. Once again we catch a passing glimpse of him being carried to the "Sun Taverne" in King Street, "and there I made him and some friends of him drink." And this is all we hear of Gibbons.¹

The name of Thomas Ravenscroft does not occupy a very prominent position in the history of art. At the same time readers interested in early church music may like to know what Mr. Pepys thought of him. There are two references to him in the Diary. On November, 26, 1664 (a Sunday), we learn that "in the evening came Mr. Andrews and Hill, and we sung, with my boy, Ravenscroft's four-part psalms, most admirable musique." A few Sundays afterwards we find the same good company assembled, the place of the boy being this time supplied by a "tolerable pretty woman;" again the psalms of Ravenscroft are the object of their musical efforts, the result arrived at being less favorable to the composer than on the previous occasion. And here, again, the moderation of Pepys's critical language deserves honorable mention. But perhaps it will be better to quote the entire passage, which at the same time will convey to the reader an idea of how Mr. Pepys and other good people used to spend their Sundays, combining decorous enjoyment with the fulfilment of religious duty, and feasting their eyes on pretty women and gorgeous footmen while their ears listened to edifying discourses.

"December 11, 1664. (Lord's Day.) To church alone in the morning. In the afternoon to the French Church, where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson, very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I hear a good sermon of the old man touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland² and his lady, very fine, with two footmen in new liveries (the church taking much notice of them), and going into their coach after sermon with great gazing. So I home, and my cozen, Mary Pepys's husband, comes after me, and told me that out of the money he received some months since he did receive eighteen pence too much, and did now come and give it me, which was very pretty. So home, and there found Mr. Andrews and his lady, a well-bred and a tolerable pretty woman, and by-and-by Mr. Hill, and to singing, and then to supper and to sing again, and so good night. It is a little strange how these Psalms of Ravenscroft, after two or three times singing, prove but the same again, though good. No diversity appearing at all almost." Ravenscroft belonged to an earlier generation of musicians, and Mr. Pepys might well find his style a trifle mo-

notonous compared with the Italian and French songs he was wont to listen to. But apart from this, and looking upon Ravenscroft in connection with the writers of his own time, the modest censure of the diarist will not be found without some show of reason. Thomas Ravenscroft was a theorist and pedant of the deepest dye, as the very title of his absurd attempt at reviving obsolete practices of bygone days is sufficient to show. Here it is: "A Briefe Discourse of the True (but neglected) use of charactering the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection and Diminution in Mensurable Musicke against the Common Practise and Custome of these times; Examples whereof are exprest in the Harmony of 4 Voyces concerning the Pleasure of 5 usuall Recreations: 1, Hunting; 2, Hawking; 3, Dancing; 4, Drinking; 5, Enamouring."

More important is the part played in the Diary by another minor English musician, Thomas Blagrave, the same whom, as we have seen, Pelham Humfrey abused in unmeasured terms. He was an intimate friend and gossip of Mr. Pepys, who esteemed him as a "sober, politique man." The relations of the two were indeed of old standing, and included some monetary obligations, incurred at a period when Mr. Pepys's fortunes had not as yet emerged from under the cloud of adversity. As early as March, 1660, we read the entry: "From thence homewards, and called at Mr. Blagrave's, where I took up my note, that he had of mine for 40s., which he two years ago did give me as a pawn while he had my lute." Again, in June of the same year, Mr. Blagrave "went home with me, and did give me a lesson upon the flageolet, and handselled my silver can with my wife and me." After this Mr. Blagrave disappears for some time from the Diary, till April, 1662, when he is discovered in company with "a pretty kinswoman that sings," who, after another interval of two years, "is to come and live with my wife." Times and the respective positions of the two men had changed since the day when Pepys was glad to borrow 40s., on good security. Thomas Blagrave, it may be added, was a gentleman of the Royal Chapel, and a cornet-player of repute. He also was a composer of some merit.

The name in the list of English musicians to which we should now have to turn is that of Lawes, a name too important to be introduced at the end of an article, and which, therefore, must be held over until next month.

(To be continued.)

THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

MR. WILLIAM F. APTHORP'S LECTURES BEFORE THE LOWELL INSTITUTE.³

VI. (Concluded from page 82.)

Cherubini's first grand opera, *Anacreon*, was brought out in 1803. It is to be noticed that all this time no distinguished Frenchman had gone over to the Italian school. It was less by native genius that the French school held its own than by the vigor of its principles; its most shining lights have not been Frenchmen as a rule. Meanwhile the Italians were not inactive. The brilliant undra-

matic and rather sensualistic Italian school reached its apogee in Giacomo Rossini, who, with his contemporaries and followers, Giovanni Pacini, Vincenzo Bellini, Gaetano Donizetti and Saverio Mercadante, illustrates the most extreme development of beautiful melody, brilliancy of vocal writing, and all the peculiar characteristics of Italian opera. Rossini, after a surpassingly brilliant career in Italy, became the idol of the Parisian public. Italian opera had long been an established institution in Paris, and Rossini did much in avenging the whilom rout of Piccini by Gluck. He made the Italian opera almost eclipse its native rival, the French grand opera, for a while. Spontini was laid upon the shelf, and the doors of the Académie de Musique were thrown open to the new Italian master.

But the operas he wrote for the French house, *Le Siège de Corinthe* (a remodelled version of his Italian *Maometto*) and *Moïse*, although written to French texts, were wholly Italian in style, and all the more popular for that. The French opera seemed in great danger. The most distinguished native composers showed a marked predilection for the opéra comique, in which they worked positive wonders, but in the field of grand opera they did little to rival their successful Italian antagonists. Etienne Méhul seemed to be the only one to uphold the French flag on this high ground, but in spite of the beauties of his grand operas, *Stratonice*, *Joseph*, and one or two others, it cannot be denied that he, like the rest of his countrymen, felt himself more at home on the stage of the opéra comique. But a change came at last. François Auber, the greatest of French opéra comique composers, took the stage of the grand opera by storm in 1828, with his *La Muette de Portici*, better known to us as *Masaniello*. Here was French opera again in all its glory, and endowed with a flash, sparkle, and vivacity of dramatic style, such as it had never known before. Its success was instantaneous and complete. One result is peculiarly noteworthy. Rossini, the petted darling of the Italian school, suddenly went over to the enemy and brought out his *Guillaume Tell* in 1829. Although Rossini's nationality was too marked for him ever to be anything but an Italian in spirit, yet the scheme of the work, its general style and motive, were virtually French. It was a thorough tribute to the principles of the French opera. Here we have the second victory for the French, and all the more valuable that the Italians had no suspicion at the time that it was one. In taking stand upon French ground, in adopting French operatic principles, Rossini virtually enlisted under the French banner. Thus the French opera was once more in the ascendant. It was to fight but one more battle. Giacomo Meyerbeer, a German by birth, had been creating a good deal of sensation with his operas in Germany and Italy. He had tried various styles, but had apparently settled down in the Italian manner, and his *Crociato in Egitto*, brought out in Venice in 1825, was an elaborate and quite successful imitation of Rossini in his most Italian vein.

But the fame of *Masaniello* and *Guillaume Tell* did not let him sleep, and he saw already that French opera was to be the great career for men of his stamp. He went to Paris accordingly, and, in 1831, capped the climax of success with *Robert le Diable*. Never was a more sudden and complete change of style seen in this world. Meyerbeer may be said to have out-Gallicized the French themselves. Every particle of the German spirit of his music disappeared except its elaborateness; his assumed Italian manner vanished like a shadow. He suddenly appeared French to the very marrow, and ever since *Robert* his name has been identified with the French grand opera. His works are standard examples of the whole school. His success was so enormous that had it not been for one man, Italian opera must soon have kicked the beam. That man was Giuseppe Verdi, who was a staunch upholder of the principles of Italian opera. The energy of his music was something phenomenal. Once more the Italian school had a worthy champion, and *Ernani*, *Rigoletto*, and *Il Trovatore* asserted the vigor of Italian principles. But the Italian school was playing its last card. Meyerbeer had worthy companions; he founded the modern French school,

¹ The supposition of the Rev. Mynors Bright that the "Mr." Gibbons is Orlando is, of course, a mistake; neither does it appear why he should be a different person from the subsequent "Dr."

² Samuel Morland successively scholar and fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and Mr. Pepys's tutor there, became afterwards one of Thurloe's under-secretaries, and was employed in several embassies by Cromwell (e. g., to the Duke of Savoy to protest against the cruelties inflicted on the Vaudois), whose interests he betrayed by secretly communicating with Charles II. In consideration of these services he was created a baronet after the Restoration. He was an ingenious mechanic, supposed by some persons to have invented the steam-engine, and lived to an advanced age.

³ Revised by the author from the Boston *Traveller's* report.

and Charles Gounod, Ambroise Thomas and others shed additional lustre upon the French opera. But Verdi was not only strong, but also unique. He was not merely the representative of a school; in very truth it may be said that Verdi of himself alone was the Italian school. At last in *La Forza del Destino* and *Don Carlos* he began to show symptoms of French influence; and in 1873, when he brought out *Aida*, in Cairo, he came over to the French as signally as Rossini had done before him in *Guillaume Tell*. The old, purely musical and dramatically frivolous Italian opera is dead. Dramatic vitality, theatrical propriety, have at last firmly established their claim against merely sensuous melody and brilliant vocalization.

The history of the French lyric drama, from Lulli through Gluck and Spontini to Meyerbeer, shows us a gradual but steady development of a great musical and dramatic form of art. The history of the Italian opera from the successor of Scarlatti shows us something very different. The old grand Italian opera begun by Monteverde and developed by Scarlatti, reached its culminating point in Händel and in the great German composers of Italian opera.

After further commenting on the development and extent of the opera buffa and opéra comique, the speaker said: "Thus while in France, composers were exerting all their powers to make their music enhance the dramatic quality of every situation, and add intensity and vigor to the dialogue and action, in Italy composers began to concentrate their energies more and more upon those movements of supreme interest in which they could most surely enchain the attention of their audience by a brilliant musical display.

"The form of the aria, duet, trio and ensemble piece was firmly established. What was necessary was to find a beautiful melody to be developed in this form. By Rossini's time the accepted musical forms had become sheer musical formulae. Once get your melody, and the regular formula for its development could be applied without further trouble, especially as it was very simple. Thus, Italian opera was wholly unprogressive. It died as a form of art simply because Italian composers did not do the first thing to keep it alive." The lecturer then followed the course of German opera after Keiser's death in 1739, and spoke of the new impulse given it by Johann Adam Hiller, as well as the Singspiele, or singing plays, which became famous, and continued as follows: But both Reichardt's *Liederspiele* and Benda's melodramas were too far removed from the character of the opera to hold their ground as operatic forms, and when the genius of Haydn and Mozart took hold of the Singspiel and developed it into the comic opera, the exquisite beauty of their works made people forget the somewhat illogical combination of spoken dialogue and music. Indeed, it was hardly to be expected that Germans should persist in carping at a, no matter how palpable, fault in works of otherwise commanding genius, when so nicely observing a people as the French had long closed their eyes to this very shortcoming in the opéra comique.

The transcendent beauties of Mozart's *Entführung aus den Serail*, *Figaro*, and *Die Zauberflöte*, succeeded in silencing all objections, and elaborate musical numbers connected by spoken dialogue became the standard form of the German opera. In 1781, that is, two years after Gluck's last opera — *Iphigénie en Aulide* — had been brought out in Paris. Mozart's first grand opera was given in Munich. Mozart had written other operas before, but *Idomeneo*, *re di Creta* was his first work on a grand scale. It was naturally an Italian opera. Of all existing Germans Mozart was the most Italian. Unlike the great Italians, Cherubini and Spontini, who so imbued themselves with the spirit of the French school that they must be accounted musically as Frenchmen to all intents and purposes, Mozart combined in himself not only the finest qualities, but also the essential spirit of two schools — the German instrumental and the Italian vocal. To Italian charm of melody, grace and brilliancy of vocal style, he added German thoroughness, depth of sentiment, and that harmonious sense of proportion and thrifty husbanding of musical material which have made

modern German music what it is. There was so much of the Italian spirit in him, it so pervaded his vocal and instrumental writing, that a great German musician of our own day once said: "I must acknowledge that my countrymen do not, as a rule, seize the gist of Mozart's melody. I had rather hear an average Italian or French violinist play a phrase in a Mozart quartet than nine out of ten of our distinguished German players. Our Teutonic earnestness fails to catch that airy grace." Yet with all his fine lightness of touch, Mozart was as profound and earnest as the most German of Germans. He was far more naturally musical than Gluck. What Gluck did by reasoning about the theatrical proprieties, Mozart did instinctively, and did it better. Gluck made the drama absorb music into itself. Music ran in its veins, to be sure, but it had to flow according to the nature and direction of the channels through which it ran. Mozart made music absorb the drama, and become of itself dramatic. He so transported the listening spectator to the lofty ideal realms of music, that to the aesthetic sense his operas were supremely satisfying, no matter how the colder reason might cavil at a certain lack of dramatic realism. His dramatic personæ became not so much real human beings as musically-expressed generalizations of certain phases of human character. The music was an integral part of their individuality. Yet we must remember that Gluck, with all his studiousness of dramatic propriety, never allowed himself to be distinctly unmusical. If the dramatic element in his works kept the musical element in abeyance, and often seriously stunted its development, it never distorted it nor made it unnatural. In Mozart's hands the opera was a compromise between music and the drama; each element sacrificed something to the other, the purely musical generally predominating somewhat over the dramatic. As Mozart stands in a manner by himself, his influence upon the world at large was very great. He was not a man of theories, and founded no school; he belonged to none. Yet there has hardly been an opera-composer out of Italy who has not owed him a great deal. His influence is strongly felt in Cherubini and Auber. His operas were long denied a place on the French stage, but French composers studied him perhaps more carefully than any other model. In Italy, on the contrary, he was hardly known save by name. As for his Italian operas we need only remember his god-like *Don Giovanni*, to see him unapproached and peerless. No opera of any school or age combines so much that is great as this mighty work, a work which for the lofty and transcendent genius displayed in it is to be ranked with Dante's "Divina Comedia," Shakespeare's "Hamlet," Michael Angelo's ceiling of the Sistine chapel, Händel's *Israel in Egypt*, Bach's St. Matthew Passion and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. It is the opera. The next great German opera after the *Zauberflöte* was Beethoven's *Fidelio*. A more characteristically German work, saving its Spanish subject, does not exist. Except for the larger musical idiom of Beethoven's second manner, by this time fully developed, and certain individualities of style and inspiration, *Fidelio* follows the form of the Mozart opera very closely. With the *Zauberflöte* and *Fidelio*, German opera had entered upon high ground. It only remained for it to strike out in a more distinctly national direction in its choice of subject matter. If Mozart had raised the Singspiel to the dignity of opera, he had none the less cut loose from its homely German associations, and carried it into the foreign fields of Spanish and Oriental romance. In this respect he was imitated by Beethoven. The first noteworthy attempt to draw inspiration for the now grandly developed German opera from national German legends and romance was made by Louis Spohr.

In 1813 he wrote his opera *Faust*. The text had nothing in common with Goethe's tragedy, save the characters of Faust and Mephistopheles, and was, moreover, so flimsy and miserable that Spohr's fine music was hard put to it, to insure the work any success. Karl Maria von Weber had entered upon the field of national romantic opera seven years before the completion of *Faust*. In 1803 Weber wrote an opera on the German legend of Rübezahl, the

demon of the Riesengebirge, that chain of mountains which forms the boundary between Silesia and Bohemia. *Rübezahl* was intended for the theatre in Breslau, but was never performed. Although the opera itself was a flash in the pan, as far as the public was concerned, musicians in Germany could not well have escaped hearing of it, and very likely it suggested to Spohr the idea of turning to German legendary lore for the subject of an opera text.

But in 1821 Weber was fully compensated for the neglect of his *Rübezahl*, by the success of his *Der Freischütz*, a work which in every way deserves the first place among German romantic operas. It was distinctly an epoch-making work. The old legend of the wolf's glen was familiar to everybody in North Germany. Weber's melodic style was so founded upon the national German folksong that the public found themselves at once at home both in the story and in the music. Of all opera-composers Weber was most truly romantic. The only man who approaches him in this vein was Frédéric Chopin. His melodic invention was as spontaneous and fresh as Nature herself. But with all his innate genius he never made himself a complete master of musical form. His technique in composing was comparatively small. He was badly taught, and did not know how to get the full value out of his inspiration. But a composer of greater wealth of musical invention and fancy has never been seen.

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS.

WHAT IS SAID OF THE GREEK PLAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

(From the *Advertiser*, May 18.)

There can be no doubt that the performance was remarkably successful, and afforded very great and peculiar pleasure to a critical audience. That many of the spectators had moments of weariness, as most of us have them in listening to modern plays, we do not doubt: but the general experience of the evening — as the faces of the spectators fully demonstrated at its close — was one of excitement and satisfaction. The generally anticipated difficulty of following the book of the play vanished upon trial; nearly every one present seemed to have made some preparation for the event, and those who had not so prepared themselves could not have been more troubled than on witnessing a French or German piece. The action, indeed, was generally so expressive that any quick-witted spectator familiar with the general purpose of the scene could follow the performers without serious interruption. Aside from the peculiar merit of its individual impersonations the tragedy occasioned — as might have been anticipated — the unique delight which attends the spectator's transportation to a distant country and a far-distant age. No imaginative person can resist this influence, where the circumstances are at all favorable. And here everything conspired in a wonderful way, the drama itself having such imaginative vividness, and every detail of representation being carried out with dignity, absolute precision and accuracy, and with a wonderful smoothness resulting from most careful preparation under most competent and learned instructors. From the moment when, near the close of the instrumental introduction, the company of suppliants made their slow entrance from the right, and passing through the orchestra to the left, mounted the stage and laid their votive offerings on the altars before the palace, many a spectator must have forgotten his country and century and have felt himself a Greek of the Greeks. Quite aside, also, from the acting and music, the great beauty of the correct costumes and the fine *tableaux vivants*, made by the groups of players, was a feast to the eye and the fancy throughout the evening. The acting as a whole was remarkably and surprisingly good. Most of the players were only amateurs, and of course showed their want of professional training, but there was extraordinarily little of immaturity in performance, both as to quality and as to quantity, considering the circumstances of the occasion. Mr. George Riddle led easily with his assumption of Œdipus, the king. His feat of memory in learning so as to be "letter perfect" between six hundred and seven hundred lines of Greek verse of itself

gives him an enviable distinction. In even more important respects his effort was admirable. His bearing was generally dignified and regal, his elocution pure and finely expressive, his action appropriate and impressive. The total performance indeed showed a capacity for sustained strength with which few even of Mr. Riddle's admirers would have credited him in advance. The general faults of the performance were its tendency to over-sentiment, to profuseness in violent facial action and vocal utterance; faults less pardonable in a Greek play, even when the playing is upon the modern theory, than anywhere else. But these errors are the errors of zeal, and really appear trifling in comparison with the real vigor and the emotional depth which characterized Mr. Riddle's effort. In his first speech to the blind seer the tendency to over-sentimentalize was well illustrated, *Œdipus* being as haughty as well as a religious monarch, and in the famous description of the killing of *Laius* Mr. Riddle ran into so passionate a style as to forget at the height of the climax that he was a narrator, and to talk as if he were at the very moment an avenger of blood. But this last speech, as a whole, was given vividly and with great variety and expression in action. The pathetic passages were almost all interpreted by Mr. Riddle with genuine feeling and refined art, and at the last, where the situations are really terrible, he rose to their true height in a way which would not have discredited any actor in America. His final talk to his little daughters was beautifully managed, and the fall of his voice as, in the chaste but expressive Greek, he told them the shame of which they were born, had more than a touch of real genius. One peculiar source of pleasure in Mr. Riddle's performance was his exquisite pronunciation of the Greek. We have never heard anything to compare with this, and find it the most remarkable revelation of sound beauty in language that we have ever known. "Speaking to the ear like Italian, speaking to the mind like English," says the younger Coleridge in describing the Greek tongue. In the new pronunciation as given by Mr. Riddle Greek is indeed far sweeter than Italian; and it was curious to note how the three chief peculiarities of the three great modern Continental languages were united most charmingly in his speech, viz.: the North German guttural *ch* in *chi*, the pure French *u* in *upsilon*, and the perfect enunciation of both consonants where a consonant is doubled, after the Italian mode. Mr. Opdycke came next to Mr. Riddle, with his impersonation of *Jocasta*, for which he made up with noble but almost feminine beauty of face and form, and which was marked artistically by the sweetness and tenderness of tone exactly appropriate to a loving wife. Mr. Opdycke also contrived to imitate various characteristically feminine gestures and positions. His pronunciation was very beautiful, and about equal to Mr. Riddle's. His chief triumph was obtained, however, in his very difficult last scene, where, as the full horror of the truth was gradually revealed, he indicated *Jocasta's* anxiety and alarm, her hopeless appeal to stay the messenger's story, and finally her measureless woe and shame, with remarkable command of the mute gamut of expression, and his final exit had really great tragic force and significance. Next in merit were Mr. Curtis Guild's *Teiresias*—a trifle robust, perhaps, for a very old blind man, but magnificently made up and very vigorous and spirited in speech, and Mr. Lane's Old Servant of *Laius*, which had remarkable fidelity and picturesqueness. Mr. Roberts's impersonation of the Messenger from Corinth was also good, and the others were all devoted, painstaking and acceptable.

Professor Paine's music has already been analyzed with much care in these columns. But we must now say, with emphasis, that it marks—to our apprehension—the highest point which his genius as a composer has reached. It is learnedly and effectively scored for the instruments, and the vocal effects produced are almost of the highest order. It is Greek in its spirit, and expresses the tragic pathos peculiar to the situation of *Œdipus* with wonderful imaginative vividness and grasp. The melody is always pleasing, and in at least three of the six numbers is very beautiful. The first choral number is pure and elevated in style; the

second is the crown and glory of the whole, and has a richness, variety, and depth which suggest and equal Mendelssohn's best work in this kind. The third is strong and simple. The fourth seemed to us, as compared with the others, to lack invention, though we recognize its solidity and vigor. The fifth is an exquisitely lovely idyl, interpreting the enchanting verse with poetic grace and insight. The sixth is full of tragic significance. The instrumental introduction wonderfully epitomizes all the music, and is a masterpiece in its kind. The performance of the music last night was very good on the whole, correctness and spirit being the rule. In many passages the singing was strikingly and exceptionally good, and the performers sang as if they were inspired by the music and the occasion. In almost every respect the musical performance was an advance upon that of the dress rehearsal, with one unfortunate exception; in the charming fifth chorus Mr. Osgood sustained the solo last night with his usual taste and artistic fire and feeling, but his voice was not in good condition, and the number failed of its full effect, and indeed of the effect easily reached on Saturday night. The regular chorus of fifteen did their important and trying duty admirably well throughout the entire evening, and Mr. McCagg's fine voice and good skill made him a very valuable *coryphæus*.

(From the *Evening Gazette*, May 21.)

On the correctness or incorrectness of the musical features of the performance there is no need to dwell at any length. We know nothing of Greek music. It has long been a question whether the ancients knew anything whatever of what we call harmony, and the evidence almost entirely favors the negative side. A modern composer, therefore, in setting the choruses of the dramatic poets of antiquity has no authority in respect to form, treatment and style, by which to guide himself. If he have any desire to reproduce what he deems an equivalent of old Greek music, he is as likely to go just as far astray in one direction, as by adhering to modern methods he is certain to go in another. We do know that the Greeks had instruments resembling to some extent trombones and trumpets; that they had several varieties of lyres, and a somewhat large family of what they called flutes, which were held vertically instead of horizontally to the mouth. These flutes were the principal instruments. They regulated the motions of the chorus and the gestures and cadences of the actors. The composer of to-day might bear these facts in mind, and make the tones of harps and flutes predominate in his score, but the effect would be monotonous, though doubtless no more so than of old. But Mr. Paine has chosen the most pronounced modern method to illustrate the verses of Sophocles, a course which the doubt surrounding the subject fully justifies. There is, however, one point which he seems to have forgotten, and that is that the verses were written to be heard. It was here that the poets exerted themselves most; where they lavished their best powers of rhetoric and of imagination. Even Aristophanes, with all his ribaldry, becomes sober at such moments, and appears as the poet rather than the satirist. It is quite certain that Mr. Paine produces more impressive dramatic effects than were known to the ancients, or were, perhaps, desired by them, through the rich and warm coloring he has given to his score; but it is fully as certain that of old the words were listened to with the deepest attention, and that the accompaniments must have been light.

However, without further theorizing, we may at once admit that Mr. Paine's music was one of the most delightful features of the performance. It is always large and dignified in style, broad and chaste in sentiment, and exquisitely pure in taste. The overture is profoundly impressive, and admirably prepares the mind for what is to follow. The leading themes of the after music are skilfully and judiciously woven into it, and the orchestral treatment, though learned, is characterized by great flexibility, and is never dry. The first chorus is full of fire and passion, and is a fine example of the composer's knowledge of vocal effect. In the second chorus there is a delicious adagio, the pervading theme of the overture, which is almost sen-

suous in its grace and warmth. But the most dramatic portion of the score is the third chorus, in which *Œdipus*, Creon and *Jocasta* converse with the chorus. Taken altogether, this number impressed us as the most thoughtful and the finest piece of work we have yet had from Mr. Paine. The fourth chorus, though abundant in dramatic color, is perhaps the least interesting part of the score. It is labored in effect, and has not that continuity of idea and feeling that is so satisfying a characteristic of the other portions of the work. The fifth chorus opens with a wonderfully spirited and flowing air for the tenor, and overflows with beauties not only of melody, but of harmony and treatment. In the sixth and last chorus Mr. Paine has acquitted himself magnificently. Here he has given a worthy culmination to all that has gone before, and has scattered his knowledge, skill, taste and judgment with a lavish hand. The voices here are scored in the most masterly manner. In fact, we cannot pass from the consideration of this feature of the composition without paying a warm tribute of praise to Mr. Paine for the judicious way in which he has treated the voices throughout. Of his use of the orchestra it is scarcely necessary to speak. It will be taken for granted that there is no flaw in it. It leans towards the methods of Wagner, but is nowhere sensational or in questionable taste. The music of *Œdipus* is, we think, in advance of anything Mr. Paine has hitherto done. It shows expansion and maturity in every direction, and upon it he may safely found a claim to lasting reputation.

Of the tragedy but little is left us to say. Its plot and motive have been so thoroughly exhausted by our contemporaries that it is almost impossible to discuss it from a new point of view. The story is no pap for babes. It is one of paricide and incest. Objection has been made to its presentation here on the score of immorality; but this is prudery—silly prudery. The story is by no means as coarse as that of *Lot* and his daughters, which it is permitted youngsters to read without protest. *Œdipus* is the unhappy victim of a remorseless fate. He is helpless in his struggles against that destiny which has preordained his shame and his ruin. He is one of the most touching figures in legend. Doomed to slay his father and to wed his mother, he is a puppet without volition, who is hurried along in the hands of the controlling deities. His sins are not of his own making, and must follow an irresistible command. It is true that no moral is taught by his fate. The old Greek poets did not greatly trouble themselves with morals. They simply taught submission to the will of the gods. The directness, the power, and the almost appalling calm with which Sophocles has told this terrible story of unavoidable crime cannot be described. Nothing in the whole range of the modern drama, from Shakespeare down to the present time, can compare with the skill with which the old poet has treated his subject from the moment that *Œdipus* begins to suspect the horrors of his situation. The intensity is almost unbearable; the dreadful interest never weakens; the culmination is heartrending. The cry with which *Jocasta* disappears after she has learned the whole of the frightful truth is terrible. The agony of *Œdipus*, who destroys his eyesight that he may no longer look upon his shame, whose woes are not even ended by the death that would be so welcome, racks the very heartstrings. Almost every phase of mental suffering is dissected with almost brutal resolve; soul wounds are probed with a remorseless finger, until the culmination is one overwhelming groan from a heart that can do all but break. In the presence of the warring of such tremendous passions it is frivolous to drivel about the puerile commonplaces of every-day morality.

Of the acting of the tragedy we may speak in warm praise. To begin at the beginning, a passing word of commendation is due the scene representing the exterior of a palace, which was excellently painted. The costumes, which we take for granted were correct to the minutest details, were pleasingly varied in color, and had been made the subject of the most laborious research. Many points in this connection were doubtless lost upon the audience, as we frankly confess they may have been upon us,

since we perceived no distinguishable difference between them and the costumes that have of late been worn upon the stage of the regular theatre whenever any of Shakespeare's Roman plays have been mounted with judicious care. Mr. Riddle's physique was hardly adequate to realize the majesty and the dignity of the heroic Œdipus, and his manner lacked something of the stern and perhaps savage nature of the character, but his acting was abundant in fire, passion and intensity of expression. In most essentials he surpassed his fellow-actors on account of his previous dramatic training, and we may add that he has never before shown the possession of so much virile force as he manifested in his performance of this part. His acting in the scene where he learns from the shepherd the dreadful mystery of his fate would have done credit to any actor. In the parting interview with his children he was likewise remarkably fine. He spoke the long speeches of the part with wonderful fluency, and with an ease that left him perfectly unembarrassed in giving every attention to propriety of gesture. Another admirable effort was the Teiresias of Mr. Curtis Guild. His pronunciation of the Greek was exquisitely refined, and his acting throughout, albeit somewhat robust for the blind old prophet, was able, spirited and exceedingly interesting. Mr. Owen Wister, as the second messenger, was another notable success for his animation and his judicious emphasis of gesture. Mr. L. O. Opdycke had a very trying obligation to fill as Jocasta, but he succeeded in a manner worthy of cordial praise. His exit, after the queen had realized the horror of her position, was really thrilling. In fact, the acting throughout reflected credit upon the intelligence and the devotion of all concerned; and they may pride themselves upon the honor that their efforts have conferred upon their college. They have shown that if they can become excited over a boat race, they can also distinguish themselves in a more worthy direction. From high to low, there is not a student of Harvard who may not justly plume himself upon the triumph achieved on this occasion. We doubt if it would be possible to gather a more brilliant or a more intellectual audience than was assembled in the Sanders Theatre on Tuesday night. That all were equally edified by the performances cannot be affirmed. Though there were doubtless many to whom Greek was almost as familiar as their mother tongue, there were more to whom it was a sealed book, and it must be confessed that after the first half hour or so the bulk of the audience seemed to be oppressed by the interminably long speeches and the lack of action in the play; a state of feeling that became plainly manifest wherever a pause in the conduct of the play called for the welcome variety that was given by the music. However, it came to an end in three hours, and all seemed to feel that they had enjoyed a new and a memorable experience, and were grateful for it. We doubt if many were greatly enlightened by the programmes, in which everything was printed in Greek except the names of the actors; but it certainly interested some to discover that the classical term for horse-cars was *hamarai hipposiderodromikai*.

[Of the plot and action of the play we find no better description than the following by Mr. Charles T. Congdon, in the New York Tribune.]

The scene is at Thebes, before the palace of Œdipus. To Laius, king of Thebes, had long before come dark and terrible warnings that his own son should murder him, should marry his queen, the mother of that son, and should succeed him as king. Laius had adopted the common expedient, and, foolishly thinking to thwart the inexorable Fates, had delivered his son as soon as born to be murdered. The compassionate servant gives him, instead, to a shepherd of the king of Corinth, and the shepherd to the king, by whom he is adopted. Œdipus, journeying to the oracle to inquire concerning his birth, chances, in a place "where three ways meet," to encounter and kill his father, and, as he supposes, all his father's companions. Arriving at Thebes, he finds the Sphinx, with woman's face and a bird's wings and a lion's tail and claws, terrifying the city, and slaying every one who could not solve the enigma. The king of Thebes offers his throne and the hand of Jocasta, the widow of Laius, to any one who will rescue the city by solving the problem. The riddle is solved by Œdipus, and the promised rewards

are bestowed upon him. He mounts the throne, and marries his mother; children are born to him, and all his life, over which such a terrible calamity is impending, is full of prosperity and happiness. But the outraged Fates are not to be balked. Pestilence again stalks through the city. At this point the *Œdipus Tyrannus* begins.

Darkly the drama opens. The whole city is filled with the smoke of sacrifices, with piteous prayers to Apollo, and with loud lamentations. The help of Œdipus, who once freed the city from a similar disaster, is again sought, while the earth is barren, the flocks perishing, and mothers are dying with their infants. The king is appealed to as "the best of men." He answers that he has sent Creon to the Temple of Apollo to inquire of that god the way to save the city. The answer with which the messenger returns is that Phœbus commands them to drive pollution from the land, and not to suffer in it one moment the monster who is the object of his wrath. The murderer of Laius must be banished. Œdipus promises his assistance in discovering the culprit. Here follows the beautiful hymn to the gods, beseeching aid. Œdipus, incited by the chorus, determines to consult the blind priest Teiresias, "who knows the secrets of the heavens and of the earth's dark womb." The priest hesitates to answer, but finally, pressed by the angry Œdipus, he responds: "I say that you are the murderer of this man whose murderer you seek." Darker hints are given of a darker crime, and Teiresias is indignantly dismissed from the royal presence. In his rage Œdipus suspects Creon of designs upon the sceptre and upon his own life. Bewildered and full of vague forebodings, he understands nothing clearly. The day is growing dark with apprehension, and the royal equanimity is utterly overthrown. At the height of the stormy quarrel Jocasta appears upon the scene, and attempts to soothe the king. She narrates the words of the oracle: that Laius was murdered by robbers, "where three roads meet." A lurid light breaks in upon the mind of Œdipus; he tells with many misgivings his encounter with the supposed robbers, and the death which he inflicted. If the slaughtered man were Laius, what a dreadful fate is his!

Lives there a man so hateful to the gods?
Nor citizen nor stranger may henceforth
Beneath their roof receive me, none with me
Hold converse, from their houses all constrained
To thrust me.

Filled with distracting doubts he summons the herdsman who had asserted that Laius was slain by several ruffians. If so "it cannot be that one be many;" but if the herdsman declare that the king fell by a single arm, on the miserable Œdipus the weight of guilt must fall. At this moment there is a treacherous gleam of sunshine. Information is received of the death of the king of Corinth, the presumptive father of Œdipus. At least the monarch has not perished by the hands of his son. The herdsman from Corinth tells to Œdipus the story of his youth. Jocasta, who now knows the fatal secret, beseeches Œdipus to pursue the inquiry no further, but he answers: "No prayers shall move me; I will be informed." All is soon known—the murder, the incest; and Œdipus exclaims with exquisite pathos:—

Is there a wretch like me? My dreadful fate
Is now unveiled. O light, thy beams no more
Let me behold, for I derive my birth
From them, to whom my birth I should not owe;
My dearest commerce I have held with those
Whose commerce nature starts at; I have slain
Those from whose blood the foulest stain I draw.

Instantly, while the chorus is singing of the misery of mortals, a messenger hurriedly enters, announcing the self-slaughter of Jocasta. The palace is dim with horrors. No messenger upon the tragic stage, where all is so often sorrowful and unexpected, ever brought more doleful tidings—such a story of "misfortune, lamentation, death, disgrace." The wretched Œdipus, at the sight of Jocasta's suspended corpse, has torn out his eyes with the golden clasps which Jocasta wore. In his agony he has cried:—

Open the doors and show
This murderer of his father; show to Thebes
This murderer of his mother.

Soon after is heard his agonizing cry: "Woe, woe! O miserable me!" There can be no deeper pathos than that of the scene which follows, if it be not a misuse of the word to call such a scene pathetic:—

I know not with what eyes in Pluto's realm
I could behold my father, had I sight
Of my unhappy mother.

The chorus, unable to endure the spectacle, avert their gaze, and the blind, staggering Œdipus is conducted into the palace, there to await the decision of the oracle as to his future course of life. Nothing can be more touching than the wail of Œdipus for his chil-

dren, though they be children of shame: "Come to me," he cries; "come to these hands! I am your brother and your father. I cannot see you now. What a wretched life is before you! Who will greet you at the feasts? How from the assemblies of the citizens will you come weeping home! Who will marry you? Pray to the gods for me that they will not always let me live! Pray that they grant you a happier life than that of your father!" Creon, with a certain cold and kingly dignity, denies every request of the wretched Œdipus, and the poet leaves us in doubt of his future fortune. We know from other sources that he was banished, and that his daughters were permitted to accompany him. Sophocles takes up the story again in the "Œdipus at Colonus," and tells us how the stricken life was terminated, when the dethroned king, by the mysterious interposition of the gods, was mysteriously received into the bosom of the earth.

Such are the tragic events of the *Œdipus Tyrannus*. Horrible to modern readers as the story might seem necessarily to be, it is mitigated by the sweet and natural genius of the author; and, repugnant as the plot may be to modern taste, the fine moral tone of the tragedy, and its thoroughly decent and healthy method and action, rescue it from any feeling of disgust with which it might otherwise be received. To comprehend its perfect morality and the absence of what, in conventional phrase, we should call "sensational," it might be compared with any modern play based upon the same incidents. These are materials which it would now be hardly possible for a modern dramatic writer to employ. The Greek genius could handle them and not be defiled, and make out of such unpromising incidents a drama at once pure, moral and ennobling.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

CONCERTS.

June has come. The musical season is gone. In spite of Greek Fate and the woes of Œdipus, relieved by Paine's fine choruses, all artificial art and song must gladly now yield precedence to birds and grass and apple-blossoms, lilacs, roses, lilies of the valley, happy children, and the bliss of summer. Yet a few interesting concerts remain on our list unrecorded. For one, we must not forget that of

Miss JOSEPHINE E. WARE, which took place at the Meionaeon on the evening of May 3, with the following choice programme:—

Quintet, "Die Forelle," Op. 114	Schubert
Allegro vivace. Andante. Scherzo; Presto. Tema, Andantino. Finale: Allegro giusto.	
Song: "Mio bel tesoro"	Handel
Piano Solos: a. "Berceuse"	Chopin
b. "Valse Caprice"	Rubinstein
Songs: a. "The Linden Tree"	Schubert
b. "Solvejg's Song"	Grieg
Quintet, Op. 30	Goldmark
Allegro vivace. Adagio. Andante quasi moderato. Scherzo. Allegretto con spirito. Allegro vivace; alla breve.	

Miss Ware was accompanied in the two Quintets by those excellent artists of the Beethoven Club, Messrs. Allen, Dannreuther, Henry Heindl, and Wulf Fries. Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, so called from its introducing, with variations, his song of that name, is too seldom played in public, for it is a charming composition, full of genius. Both in that and in the Quintet by Goldmark, Miss Ware, who is yet very young, showed not only an excellent technique, but true musical feeling and conception. She has gained in power and firmness and *aplomb* since her debut of last year, which was so interesting. But she appeared to even better advantage in her well contrasted solos by Chopin and Rubinstein. The singer was Mrs. E. Humphrey Allen, who sang in her usual pure style, and with chaste fervor, the fine aria by Handel, and justified her selection of two comparatively unknown songs by Schubert and the Norseman, Grieg.

A very interesting little concert was given at Wesleyan Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, May

18, by a young debutante of eighteen, Miss ANNE FISHER. She has been a pupil from the first of that conscientious, careful teacher, Mr. T. P. Currier, and he may well be proud of her. She looks bright and full of energy, and her playing has a genial, *con amore* character, while it shows precision, fine accent and phrasing, and brilliant, free and fluent execution. She was assisted by a pleasing singer, Miss MAUDE WADSWORTH, a pupil who does credit to her teacher, Mr. C. F. Webber. Here is the programme:—

Prelude and Fugue, C-sharp major	.	.	.	Bach
Sonate, Op. 53	.	.	.	Beethoven
(First movement.)				
Ballad, "In the Twilight," Op. 43.	.	.	.	Brahms
Fantasia in Form einer Sonate, Op. 5	.	.	.	A. Saran
2. Romanze.	3. Scherzo.	4. Allegro.		
Scherzo, B-flat minor, Op. 31	.	.	.	Chopin
Songs: "Gute Nacht," Op. 5, No. 7	.	.	.	Frauz
"Mit einer Wasserlilie"	.	.	.	Grieg
Song without Words, No. 36, in E.	.	.	.	Mendelssohn
Valse Brillante, in A-flat	.	.	.	Moszkowski

We were unfortunately belated and obliged to lose the Bach selection, which we are told was very finely played. But that first movement of the C-major Sonata of Beethoven was rendered in a style so clear and sure and bright and sound that we would fain have heard the work all through. It was a great pleasure, also, to hear once more, after a long respite since its first appearance, a portion even of that charmingly genial, strong, original Sonata-Fantasia by Robert Franz's pupil, the North German clergyman, Saran. The young interpreter entered well into the spirit of the three movements. The Chopin Scherzo was brilliantly performed. The songs were well chosen and well sung.

MR. ERNST PERABO (who is soon to leave upon another trip to Germany) gave a delightful private matinee at the house of two of his musical lady friends in Brookline, on the afternoon of May 23. The house is in a green lane, embowered in apple-blossoms, lilacs, and all that makes the air sweet and pure; the room and entry were filled with cultivated, sympathetic listeners; the piano was an admirable Chickering grand; and the programme, all of which was interpreted by Perabo himself, was rich and choice enough to satisfy any one:—

Sonata in B-flat major. Without opus. Written in 1828	Schubert
1. Molto moderato.	3. Scherzo.
2. Andante sostenuto.	4. Allegro ma non troppo.
a. "Es blinkt der Thau." F-major. Op. 72.	Rubinstein
Transcribed by E. Perabo. New.	
b. Allegretto, for piano and 'cello. A-minor. Op. 12, No. 1	Fr. Kiel
Arranged for two hands by E. Perabo. New, MS.	
c. Intermezzo, from Sonata for piano and 'cello. Op. 52	Fr. Kiel
Arranged for two hands by E. Perabo.	
a. Petit Scherzo. Op. 10	E. Perabo
b. Prelude, from "Notre Temps." E-minor. Mendelssohn	
c. Song without Words. E-major	Mendelssohn
Valse Caprice. A-major, Op. 31	X. Scharwenka
Sonata in E-flat major. Op. 27, No. 1.	Beethoven

The Schubert Sonata is the one which we had failed to hear in the last of the two morning concerts recently given by Mr. Perabo in the Meisnau. It is a noble, marvellously rich, imaginative, and in feeling, deep and earnest work. The principal theme in the first movement, to which everything throughout the other movements seems to be somehow related, is singularly appealing and majestic. The whole Sonata seems to record one of the deepest experiences of the composer's life. And Mr. Perabo appeared to be absorbed into the very soul and spirit of it. Indeed he was in his best mood for bringing out the meaning and the beauty of all his rare selections. The manifest delight of such an audience must, with the music in itself, the sympathy, the fragrance, and all the sweet surroundings, have

made that summer afternoon one worth remembering to him.

CECILIA. The Club's last concert of the season (which, we confess, the temptation of the country after a hard, hot day's work caused us to forget) was postponed to the very last evening of May, at Tremont Temple. It was without orchestra, and consisted for the most part of short, but really choice and favorite selections, as follows:—

Organ: Prelude in C-major, Bach, and Rhapsodie, Saint-Saëns, — Mr. John A. Preston.
Part songs: "The River Sprite" and "The Sea hath its Pearls," — J. C. D. Parker.
Songs: "Si t'amo, O cara," Handel; "Du bist wie ein Blume," Schumann; "David Kizzio's letztes Lied," Raff, — Miss Ella M. Abbott.
Part song: "Under the Greenwood Tree," Fenollosa.
Ninety-fifth Psalm, Mendelssohn. (Solos by Miss Gertrude Franklin, Miss Abbott, and Dr. S. W. Langmaid.)
Scene from "Masaniello": "O Holy Power," Auber. (Solo by Mr. A. F. Arnold.)
Part songs: "The Smith," Schumann; "May Song," Hauptmann.
Duets for piano and organ: Canzona, Serenade, Widor, — Mr. J. Phippen and Mr. Preston.
Songs: "The Rose," Spohr; "The Lotus Flower," Schumann; "Il Primo Amore," Widor, — Miss Franklin.
Part song: "The Willow Tree," Rheinberger.
Chorus of Reapers: "Prometheus," Liszt.

BERLIOZ'S REQUIEM.

(Continued.)

As for the purely orchestral side of the movement, the effect is not what a cursory glance at the score might lead one to expect. First and foremost, there is nothing to remind one of a brass band. The small orchestras of brass instruments, sounding from the four cardinal points, do not sound in the least like a brass band. The effect is that of the clearest, purest and most brilliant trumpet tone. There is no vulgar blare and braying. The trumpets, cornets and trombones are, in general, written pretty high, and the lower tones of the ophicleides merely add body to the mass of sound; their coarser quality of sound is toned down by the other instruments.

The effect of the large mass of drums is stupendous. It may look trivial on paper, but so soon as it is heard, it carries the conviction of its own reason of being with it.

As I have said already, the music is sacred and even specifically church-music in a very high sense of the word. Like some few other grand church compositions, Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," for instance, or a mass by Palestrina (I make the comparison only in this sense), it is music to which one would like to listen in the dark, in some grand Gothic cathedral where orchestra and chorus are out of sight. Looking at the singers and players is distracting and confusing. After all, this is a pretty good test of the sacred or secular character of music (in an ecclesiastical sense). One loses half the enjoyment of the Ninth Symphony if one cannot distinctly see both chorus and orchestra. But the less one looks at the people who are singing and playing Bach's "Passion" the better. Just so with this "Dies Irae" of Berlioz's (indeed, with the whole "Requiem"); one wishes all the material part to be invisible.

One point in this "Dies Irae" is not to be overlooked, and this is the license Berlioz has taken with the ritual text. At the beginning of the "Tuba mirum," he coolly inserts a line from the Nicene Creed; *Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos*, and omits the verse: *Per sepulchra regionum*. Yet few of us will probably feel inclined to chime in with M. d'Ortigue's criticism: "Our admiration for M. Berlioz's talent and our friendship for him personally will in no wise weaken the expression of the severe blame which our conscience as a Catholic makes it our duty to inflict upon him."

No. 3. (*Quid sum miser.*) Of all the numbers in the "Requiem" this one is perhaps the most dramatic in conception. Yet here, as elsewhere, Berlioz has preserved the devotional spirit in his music untainted. A mere careless glance at the score is misleading. After the portentous array of instruments in the "Dies Irae," this modest score of eight lines, in which the rests far outnumber the notes, conveys at first the impression of over-sharp contrast. But remember that the "Dies Irae" closes *pianissimo* with the words "*Mors stupebit et natura.*" There is no abrupt transition from loud trumpet-blasts to almost silence. The vast orchestral proportions of the "Dies Irae" are gradually diminished until the modest movement which follows comes in naturally and without making the impression of a mere *tour de force* of theatrical effect. The picturesque handling of the subject is thoroughly artistic, and in no wise trivial. The tombs have opened, resurgent humanity finds itself in the presence of its Judge with the awful prophecy announced in the "Dies Irae" still ringing in its ears, and tremblingly asks of itself: "*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus? Quem patronum rogaturus?*" The surroundings, what M. Zola would call the spiritual "*milieu*," are indicated by the orchestra. Now the English horns and bassoons, now the 'celli and double-basses whisper fragments of themes from the first part of the "Dies Irae" (before the "fanfare.") Berlioz seems to have been especially susceptible to the feeling of desolation engendered by this sort of dismemberment of a melody, heard previously in its entirety. We find many examples of this peculiar effect in his writings. He was also fond of confiding such broken melodic phrases to the English horn. He says of a similar passage in one of his symphonies: "The feeling of absence, oblivion, painful isolation, which arises in the souls of certain listeners at the evocation of this abandoned melody, would not have a quarter of its force if the melody were sung by any other instrument than the English horn."

In the movement of the "Requiem" in question, the tenors of the chorus sing their trembling question, and the humble prayer, "*Recordare, Jesu pie*, etc.," in short, disjointed scraps of melody, (taken, like the orchestral accompaniment, from the "Dies Irae.") The rest of the chorus is silent; the basses alone whisper the closing phrase. The number is very short, only forty-nine measures, and depends more than any other in the whole work upon its connection with what precedes it. Separated from the "Dies Irae," it would be wholly incomprehensible. Although it appeals far more to the imagination of the devout listener than to his specifically musical sense, the appeal is too poetic, in a high sense, for us to wish that the composer had seized this opportunity for writing something of more purely musical interest. With all its suggestive picturesqueness, the movement never oversteps the limits of devotional solemnity. Much of its mysterious quality is due to the very unusual key of G-sharp minor.

No. 4. (*Rex tremendæ.*)—(*Andante maestoso*, four-four time, E-major). Three great chords on the wooden wind and horns (E-major, C-sharp minor, A-major) the first two of which are answered antiphonally by the full chorus without accompaniment. Then the strings join the chorus, and the rest of the orchestra (without trombones or drums), and an elaborate movement—now full of majesty, now pathetically melodious—develops itself. The tempo gradually quickens until, at the words "*confutatis maledictis*," it has become twice as fast as at the beginning. The music is here as effective as it is original in conception. The chorus, accompanied by the wooden wind, horns and strings, thunders forth the phrase "*confutatis maledictis*"

in a rapidly descending series of chords of the sixth. In the next measure we hear a plaintive sigh from the wooden wind, responded to by the word "Jesu" sung *piano* by the chorus. Then follows the word "*maledictis*," shrieked out to a wild diminished seventh chord; then a whirlwind in the orchestra leads to a repetition of the same effect, and the tempest is unchained. Here, where most composers would have been tempted to deploy all the heavy artillery of the orchestra, Berlioz has drawn the most terrific effects from the strings. The trombones & Co. are silent. For three whole measures the double-basses play a strident high *B-natural* ABOVE the low *C-natural* (open string and octave) on the 'celli. Without actually hearing this passage one would not believe that stringed instruments could produce such a roar as comes from the orchestra at the words, "*flammis acerbis maledictis, voca me!*" Then follows a measure of silence, which is in turn followed by this most impressive phrase:—

CLARINETS, BASSOONS, & HORN. *poco f*

CHORUS.

p et de profundo. Tacit.

'CELLI, &c. BASSI.

The orchestra and choruses then grow more and more agitated, crying out in fuller and fuller harmony, "*Libera me de ore leonis, ne eudam in obscurum*," the four orchestras of brass instruments, the twelve horns "with bells raised in the air," and all the drums "with wooden sticks" coming in suddenly with a terrible crash at the word "*eudam*." This magnificent outburst is immediately hushed, and the basses of the chorus sing, "*Ne absorbeat me Tartarus*." Persons to whom the ritual is dear may ask what this sentence from the *Offertorium* has to do here in the midst of the *Prose*? Well, if the superb effect of the music does not answer this question satisfactorily, it may be considered unanswerable. Berlioz saw his opportunity, and coolly inserted the sentence, changing it from the third person plural to the first person singular. It is followed by a very beautiful, beseeching melody, "*Qui salvandos salvas gratis, salva me, fons pietatis*;" and then the "*Requiem*" theme returns, the orchestra now enriched by all the brass and drums. The effect of the majestic "*Requiem*" phrase alternating with the softly imploring "*Salva me*" is of the most impressive. The movement closes, like its predecessors, *pianissimo*.

No. 5. ("*Querens me*.") This number is for chorus, without accompaniment. It may be called one of the best examples of a mixed style of writing which modern composers sometimes affect, but rarely with such good results. Its general physiognomy is that of old Italian florid counterpoint; but the number of real voices is not constant, and varies from three to six. At times the two soprano parts are written in octaves, in the instrumental fashion, like flute and clarinet. The same process is sometimes applied to the tenors. The harmony is often distinctly modern; yet there is enough of that indecision of tonality which is characteristic of the old contrapuntal music—not from frequent modulations, but from a frequent avoidance of

the leading-note—to give the music a certain austere mediæval quality. One point is especially noticeable, and this is the expressive warmth which Berlioz has infused into the frequent cadences (written in very full harmony), and which contrasts strongly with the somewhat austere tranquillity of the intervening counterpoint. Here the composer has happily reproduced the peculiar effect of some of the music of old Josquin Defrès, who had an especial fondness for concentrating the expressive element in his writing upon the frequently recurring cadences. In the very beautiful cadences in this "*Querens me*," we can see a clear reflection of what Ambros has called the "*Josquin'shen Sehnsuchtsblick*." Upon the whole, I know of no piece of modern purely vocal writing in which the two very opposite spirits of modern and mediæval harmony are so beautifully blended together.

(Conclusion in next number.)

LOCAL ITEMS.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The annual meeting was held on Monday evening, Vice-President George H. Chickering in the chair. The report of the treasurer, Mr. George W. Palmer, showed the total receipts for the year including the balance on hand of \$455.35 at the commencement of the year, to have been \$9,311.64, the total expenses \$8,917.34, leaving a balance of \$394.30 on hand. The trustees of the permanent fund reported the amount of the fund to be \$21,828.27. They also reported the death, during the year, of the senior member of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Nathaniel Harris, and announced that Mr. H. P. Kidder had been appointed to fill the vacancy, and had entered upon the discharge of his duties. The report of the president, congratulating the society upon its excellent condition, was read by the secretary, in the absence of the president. The report of the librarian showed that a large number of books had been added during the year. The following named officers were elected: President, C. C. Perkins; Vice-President, George H. Chickering; Secretary, A. Parker Browne; Treasurer, George W. Palmer; Librarian, John H. Stickney; Directors, George T. Brown, Josiah Wheelwright, H. M. Brown, Eugene B. Hagar, W. S. Fenollosa, D. L. Laws, J. D. Andrews and R. S. Rundlett. A series of resolutions was passed recognizing the services rendered by the late Nathaniel Harris, as a member of the Board of Trustees of the Permanent Fund. — *Transcript*, May 31.

— The tenth anniversary supper of the Apollo Club was held at Young's Hotel last evening. The company numbered eighty persons, and was composed of the active members, and the past active members, and the invited guests, who were the President and Director of the Harvard Musical Association, of the Boylston Club, the Cecilia Club, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Orpheus Club and the Arlington Club. Judge Putnam presided in his usual graceful and genial manner. Supper was served between half-past six and eight o'clock. Speeches and songs were then in order. The soloists were Mr. Pflueger, Mr. Osgood, William Winch, Clarence E. Hay, and there was a piano duet by Mr. Lang and Mr. Parker. The club opened the musical part of the entertainment by Mendelssohn's "Sons of Art," and subsequently sang a number of part-songs interspersed between the speeches and solos. Speeches were made by John S. Dwight, Professor Paine, G. W. Chadwick, Charles Allen and Robert M. Morse, Jr. The tables were set in the form of a Greek cross, and were handsomely spread and ornamented. All the arrangements were made under the supervision of Mr. Arthur Reed, the secretary of the club. — *Advertiser*, May 25.

MUSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWPORT, R. I., May 11. The eighth concert of the Newport Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. J. B. Sharland of Boston, was given on Friday evening, May 6, in the Opera House. The choral selections were all from Mendelssohn, the principal number being the Cantata "Praise Jehovah." The programme embraced also a varied selection of part-songs by Brahms, Schumann, Tuckerman, and others sung by a quartet of ladies' voices, single and double, and by a male quartet, the Schumann Club.

Mr. Perry, the Boston pianist, contributed solos by Chopin and Kullak, which, although suffering severely from a lame wrist, he played with remarkable bril-

liancy and finish; and Mrs. Wilson Eyre sang a couple of songs in a manner which won much applause.

The choral numbers were in general well sung; but especial praise belongs to the rendering of the Cantata "Praise Jehovah," which was given with enthusiasm, and with a precision of attack, that would have done credit to any organization we have heard. The soprano solo was taken by Miss Lena Ryan, a young pupil of Mr. Sharland's. The other vocal numbers were given very creditably, particularly those sung by the Schumann Quartet. This organization is composed of young gentlemen of this city, who have been for some time under the instruction of Mr. Sharland. They have appeared but a few times in public, but have already made a very favorable impression, and give promise of attaining to more than an ordinary degree of excellence.

The Choral Society is now an established institution in Newport, and its influence for good has already manifested itself in many ways. Mr. Sharland has labored faithfully and well, and the result is a chorus which, although not composed of picked voices, like many of the Boston clubs, is yet capable of doing excellent work, and is improving every year. F. T. S.

CHICAGO, May 28. Musical matters in this city are slowly drifting to the culmination of the year, in the forthcoming festival of the Germans, and a goodly number of orchestral concerts by Mr. Theodore Thomas and his band. For the Sängerkunst great preparations are being made, and the list of solo singers embraces some of the finest talent that Europe and America can furnish. It bids fair to be a great success in all ways. A fund of nearly sixty thousand dollars has been raised, and the financial condition of the festival is as sound as money can make it. Musically we have yet to hear what it may accomplish. I attended a rehearsal of a large body of their singers. They are hard at work upon the compositions to be given, and I realized that they were in earnest in their endeavors. Since the American societies have taken in hand festivals of such magnitude, our German friends have been obliged to make greater efforts for success in their Sängerkunst, for comparisons will be made, notwithstanding that they cause unpleasantness. Thus we hope that in June this festival will present musical offerings worthy of our age and culture. Next spring a festival is to be given by a large chorus, under the direction of Mr. Thomas.

Since my last note to the JOURNAL, the Apollo Club gave its closing concert, presenting Max Bruch's cantata, *Fair Ellen*, and Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*. Also a chorus by Gounod entitled *Babylon's Wave*. The work by Max Bruch is one of the brightest bits of composition that I have heard in many a day. The old Scotch story was pictured with a beauty that was quite entrancing; and the song, "The Campbells are coming," formed a background for modern orchestral work, which, while it held the idea in a larger and better mould, also preserved the Scotch flavor, so characteristic of the scene and story.

The *Tower of Babel* is too large a work for such a society as the Apollo Club to undertake. It demands a great chorus, a large and good orchestra, and solo talent of a high order, to give it an adequate performance. I have spoken of the work before in my notes to the JOURNAL, and as it has lately been given in New York, a more extended opinion of its merits will doubtless find its way to your columns, and I will not trespass upon your attention, with a reiteration of my own views. But of one performance. In regard to the solo work, I would suggest that when a singer attempts a great part, he should endeavor to gain some slight hint of its meaning before he comes to a public performance. Think of this representation:—

People, in Chorus.

Hear ye! the thunder's voice now shakes the earth.

Nimrod, Recit.

Soon we shall stand high above the storm.
Cowards and slaves obey my commands.

After the chorus have delivered their lines with power, imagine a Nimrod that sang his notes quietly by the notation of sol, do, mi, do, etc., and you have the effect that came from the singer, who took the rôle at this representation. Dramatic situations, mighty words, in which a climax of feeling was demanded, all passed over with the ease of a young gentleman in a drawing-room.

Has our English language lost its meaning, that the words of a king to his subjects seem but as the mutterings of a quiet imbecile? What is passion in these modern days? Where is its dignity, its power, and its greatness? Has the logical mind of to-day become unable to grasp at meanings that demand emotional expression? Has the kingly bearing, that should grace

every free soul, become but as a remembrance of the past. The trouble is, not with the times, or the ability of our singers, but with their lack of study. Singers of to-day sing notes, rather than words. They keep time, rather than represent great characters. Give to the old word its full meaning, made rich by the spirit of the man who speaks it. Let us be the men we represent, until perchance the soul shall give noble expression to itself, in the richly colored words, that bear with them the warmth of a heart that feels.

We have had two organ and pianoforte recitals by Constantine Sternberg, and Frederic Archer, the English organist. The concerts were poorly advertised, and therefore but few people attended them. Mr. Archer is a good organist, but of a rather sensational order. His aim seems to be to attract the people, and please them, which he is very successful in doing. His fugue playing is marked with more rapidity than clearness, although there is a spirit in the wild chase for notes, that provokes an interest in the movement, and the listener is taken along in spite of himself. His arrangements of stops are orchestral in their effect, and he is thus enabled to hold the attention of his audience by the variety of his expression. In a little gavotte by Ambrose Thomas he introduced some staccato effects which were very charming. He was very enthusiastically received by the audience.

Mr. Sternberg played some selections from modern composers. His best work was in the Polonaise of Liszt. His touch possesses power, and his ideas are generally pronounced, but there is a lack of feeling in much of his work. The modern school of pianoforte playing seems to aim at displays of difficulty, rather than the interpretation of real music. We have had too much of display performances in Chicago, to be very much astonished at this late day. But an artist who makes *real music*, would be a very welcome visitor. We want first and last music. This company had with them a Miss Frost, who was advertised to sing some German songs. But instead, she screamed away in bad German, at some Schubert and Rubinstein Lieder, in a manner that was perfectly wretched to hear. She had no method, nor one agreeable tone in her voice. It would be very interesting to know why she was engaged for these concerts. Surely the management must have realized that she could not sing. The negative of music is, doubtless, noise; but we may be pardoned for preferring it in the abstract, if the mind has to deal with the reflective. C. H. BRITAN.

BALTIMORE. The following is a résumé of the works performed at the five Peabody Symphony Concerts during the season:—

- Beethoven:—*a.* Symphony, B-flat. No. 4. Work 60.
b. Piano Concerto, G. No. 4. Work 58.
c. Violin Concerto, D. Work 61.
d. Overture to Egmont. Work 84.
 Berlioz:—Overture to *Frances Juges*. Work 3.
 Fr. Chopin:—*a.* Andante Spianato and Polonaise. Work 22.
b. Chant Polonaise. Transcribed for piano by Fr. Liszt.
 Leopold Damrosch:—Festal Overture, C-major. Work 15.
 Edvard Grieg:—Norwegian Folk-Life. Work 19. For piano.
 Asger Hamerik:—*a.* Norse Suite, A-major. No. 5. Work 26.
b. Symphonie Poétique, F-major No. 1. Work 29.
 Emil Hartmann:—Minuet and Scherzo. For orchestra. Work 18.
 Ed. Lassen:—Songs with piano.
 Mozart:—Symphony, G-minor. No. 2. Work 45.
 J. Raff:—Suite, E-flat major. Work 200. For piano and orchestra.
 Rubinstein:—*a.* Symphonie Dramatique, D-minor. No. 4. Work 93.
b. Songs with piano.
 Fr. Schubert:—Songs with piano.
 R. Schumann:—Songs with piano.
 Johan S. Svendsen:—Norwegian Rhapsody, C-major. No. 3. Work 21.
 R. Wagner:—"Magic Fire" from the Opera "Valkyria," Transcribed for the piano, by L. Brassin.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. On Monday evening, May 30, was the formal opening of the new College of Music. It was the 88th concert, closing the sixth series of the institution. The programme was made up entirely from works by native American composers. The pianist was Mr. William H. Sherwood; the string parts were played by the Beethoven Club (Messrs. Allen, etc.) The selections were the following:—

- Trio in C-minor, (MS.)—(Piano, Violin and 'Cello) Op. 9. F. G. Gleason
a. Allegro, C-minor.
b. Andante, G-major.
c. Finale, —Andante, Allegro, C-minor.

Piano Solos—

- a.* Gavotte—F-minor. C. L. Capen
b. Berceuse. W. Mason
c. Prelude—A-major.
d. Nocturne—C-major.
e. Mazurka—C-minor.
f. Waltz Capriccio. W. H. Sherwood

Songs—

- Sonata for piano and violin—B-minor, Op. 24 (MS.).
a. Allegro con fuoco, B. minor.
b. Larghetto (canonic), D-major.
c. Allegro vivace, B-minor. Prof. J. K. Paine
 Quartet for Strings, No. 2, in C (MS.).
a. Andante, Allegro con brio, C-major.
b. Andante espressivo, ma non troppo lento, G-major.
c. Scherzo, Allegro risoluto ma moderato, E-minor, Un poco più mosso, G-major and E-major.
d. Allegro molto vivace, C-major. Geo. W. Chadwick

PROVIDENCE, R. I. Mr. Jules Jordan, who is an earnest musician as well as an artistic tenor singer, has sailed for Europe for a three months' trip. The *Providence Journal*, May 21, gives the following account of a promising vocal club there under his direction, which is awaiting his return for the resumption of rehearsals:—

The "Arion Club" is a society formed in this city not very long ago, its active members being ladies and gentlemen of musical ability, and its associate members such as may choose to become so by subscription. There are now one hundred active members and some two hundred and fifty associate members, and only fifty more can become associates, under the rules of the Club. The associate members are entitled to all the privileges of the Club, and to four tickets to each concert. The Executive Committee are Mr. Robert Bonner, President; Mr. John H. Mason, Secretary; Mr. John H. Congdon, Treasurer; Mr. H. O. Farnum, Librarian; Mr. Jules Jordan, Director; Mr. Albert A. Stanley, Dr. Albert E. Ham, Mr. J. U. Starkweather. Mr. John H. Mason, pianist, and Mr. Albert A. Stanley, organist, are accompanists. This society has been working in a quiet way, and some time ago gave a successful concert, a fact which was known but to few outside the members and those present. In the same quiet way a second concert was prepared for, and was given last evening at Amateur Dramatic Hall. The first concert was a grand success, the second was even more so. The first part consisted of Barnaby's Idyllic Cantata of "Rebekah," in which the soloists were Mrs. Grace Hiltz Gleason, Mr. Herbert E. Brown, and Mr. John E. Williams. Of this it need only be said the solos were very ably sustained, and that Mrs. Gleason was the recipient of a beautiful basket of flowers.

Part Second consisted of "Sunset," by Gade, a mixed chorus; "The little bird," by Solderberg, solo by Mr. Jordan, with female chorus obligato, evidently considered by the audience to be the success of the evening, being repeated in response to an encore, and delighting the listeners: "More and More," by Seifert, male chorus, which was also encored, and in response the familiar "Forsaken" was given; "Ganymede," by Loewe, mixed chorus; "Brier Rose," by Vierling, a very beautiful four-part song for ladies, which was repeated in response to a recall; "Wood-lark," male chorus, by our own composer, Mr. Stanley, a fine composition; and the brilliant "Gypsy Life," by Schumann, a mixed chorus.

WELLS COLLEGE, AURORA, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel sang at the 44th concert (April 30), Max Piutti, Musical Director. The programme was as follows:—

1. *a.* Aria from "Orfeo," Haydn
b. Serenata from "Agrippina,"
c. Aria from "Almira," Handel
 Mr. Georg Henschel.
 2. Spinning Song, Wagner-Liszt
 Miss Nellie M. Taylor.
 3. Three Songs from Kingsley's "Waterbabies," Henschel
 Mrs. Georg Henschel.
 4. *a.* Nocturne, Op. 35, No. 1,
b. Gavotte in C, Henschel
 Mr. Henschel.
 5. Duet: "Oh That We Two Were Maying," Henschel
 Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
 6. *a.* Study, Op. 25, No. 7, Chopin
b. Humoresque, Op. 2, No. 3, Jensen
 Mr. Max Piutti.
 7. Three Songs from the "Maid of the Mill," Schubert
 Mr. Henschel.
 8. Polonaise in E major, Liszt
 Mr. William Piutti.
 9. *a.* Ich Grolle Nicht (I'll not Complain),
b. The Two Grenadiers, Schumann
 Mr. Henschel.

CHICAGO. The publishers of Miss Amy Fay's "Music Study in Germany" regret to announce the book temporarily out of print. Instead of diminishing, the demand has steadily increased, and the supply has become suddenly exhausted before a new edition could be made ready. A new and enlarged edition, however, is now preparing, and will be ready in a few days, in ample time for the need of summer travellers, for whom the chatty little book is most thoroughly suited.

DETROIT, MICH. The *Free Press* (May 14) says:—Miss Kate Jacobs gave a piano recital last evening at the hall of the Detroit Female Seminary. It was the eighteenth of the series of conservatory concerts. There was the customary audience in attendance.

The programme included the G-minor organ Fantasia and Fugue by Bach, arranged for piano by Liszt; Spring Song by Mendelssohn; Eclogue in A-major by Raff; variations for piano and violoncello, *Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen*, by Beethoven; Ballade in E-major by Chopin; allegretto in A-flat by Schubert; Polonaise in E-major by Liszt, and the last two movements in Rubinstein's D-minor Concerto.

Miss Jacobs possesses a technique, which apparently never fails her, and if there was any feeling that she was wanting in delicate and fine sentiment, it certainly must have been dispelled by her matchless rendition of the Allegretto, the Ballade and the slow movement of the Concerto. Miss Jacobs's playing is eminently satisfactory. It is of that order that causes the listener to lose sight of the performer, and to feel that her enviable technique is not in any sense employed for mere personal display.

Mr. J. C. Batchelder, a pupil of Prof. Haupt of Berlin, has been giving a series of eight conservatory organ recitals, of which the same journal speaks as follows:—

These recitals are noticeable in respect to the character and range of the compositions. The programmes have embraced selections from Bach, Haupt, Merkel, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Thiele, Gullmant, Krebs, Raff and others. Many of the selections are among the most celebrated works of the great masters, and except in two or three cities are rarely heard in this country, and but few of them ever before in Detroit.

Of Mr. Batchelder's ability and acquirements as an organist there can be but one judgment. He certainly takes rank among the first organists of this country. Among the strikingly noticeable features of his playing are a technique apparently infallible, most excellent taste and judgment in registration, and a breadth and dignity of conception and interpretation, particularly in the works of Bach, in which he is masterly.

SAN FRANCISCO. The Loring Club, under the direction of that earnest and accomplished friend of music, David W. Loring, who emigrated from Boston to the Pacific coast a few years ago, gave the fourth concert of its fourth season at B'nai B'rith Hall, on Wednesday evening, May 11. It was almost a Boston concert, for our Mendelssohn Quintet Club assisted, while the part-song and chorus selections seem like a reflection from one of our own Apollo programmes. The Quintet Club contributed the Beethoven Quartet in F, Op. 59, a Tema from Mozart's Clarinet Quintet, and a Flute Fantasia. Schubert's song, "Am Meer," and "Die Widmung," by Robert Franz, were sung by Mr. H. O. Hunt. Among the part-songs were: Hatton's "Beware," Mendelssohn's "The Voyage," Zöllmer's "He's the man to know," and Wagner's Chorus of Pilgrims in *Tannhäuser*. The club also prides itself upon a Chickering Grand Piano, — again Boston!

MONTREAL, CANADA. Before us are the programmes of four chamber concerts given here by Mrs. Otis Rockwood, formerly a member of the Cecilia in Boston. The selections average well in quality, and show on the whole a classical direction. Among them are: the D-Minor Trio of Mendelssohn (Messrs. Heard, Reichling and Leblanc); Beethoven's Sonata in A-flat, Op. 26, played by Mr. Heard, and the "Appassionata," played by Oliver King; Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E-minor (Do.); Chopin's Ballade in G-minor (Do.); Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 2. The vocal selections include: Hymn, "Show thy Mercy," from Merkel's 57th Psalm; "I know that my Redeemer," Handel; Scena and Prayer from *Der Freyschütz*; "As when the dove," from *Acis and Galatea*; Taubert's "Farmer and the Pigeons;" "Di Piacere," "Rossini; Rode's Air with variations,—all by Mrs. Rockwood; tenor and bass arias, scherzos, etc., by Mr. Arthur J. Graham and Sig. Bogdanoff; Duets, Trios, Quartet ("Quando Corpus"); besides solos for flute, violin, etc. The local papers speak well of the performances.

